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other hand I have seen pictures lit up either by portable reflectors or lights dropped from the ceiling which enabled one to sit before a small Mauve or luscious Daubigny or burning Inness and grasp every detail of beauty and live into the very atmosphere of the painting.

An experience of now fifteen years in various connections with the Art world has enabled me to study the systems that are employed for the purpose of lighting single pictures and galleries, and I have never yet found anything to compare with or even approach the Frink system. Curator F. S. Barbarin, of the Corcoran Gallery, only recently spoke to me of the marvelous results attained by this system, which is equally effective in the picture galleries and in the sculpture halls. The Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburg, the Institute of Arts and Sciences in Brooklyn, and the Metropolitan Museum bear equal testimony to expert and casual visitor alike of this fact; while many of our best collectors have long availed themselves of the judicious expert advice of the patentees. And I think that every owner of pictures that are worth looking at, should consider this method to their own increased enjoyment.

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"Suggestion of color and form by the wondrous etched line." This sentence occurred in a note from a prominent etcher in the last number.

Can a drawing or etching have color? The question has been asked me in this connection, and I wish to demonstrate that the word used in this way is more exact than we think, and may be used literally.

A drawing or etching is made of two colors—black and white. I will not stop to prove that black and white are colors. A natural philosopher will perhaps dispute this by saying that white is obtained by a synthesis of all the colors and the black by the absence of light. But for psychology, for art, for common sense, there is no question of the matter; the sensation of white is as simple, that of black as positive, as any other. No one can ever be made to admit that the lily has all the colors of the prism, or that a drop of ink on a paper is a spot where one sees nothing. Every instant we admire, for their harmony and vigor of coloring, objects which are made up only of white and black: a costume of velvet when the dull black is only relieved by a sheeny black; a gray rock with its black roughnesses and its bits of white lichen; sometimes entire landscapes with effects of snow, a mountain with its somber strata and its snowy summit, on which repose heavy gray clouds. The sea is superb in bad weather, with its foamy waves and its black rocks over which flows the white foam of the surf. The country is charming in the early morning when the vague silhouettes of the poplars are scarcely distinguishable from the exquisite gray of the fog. And all that can be done with a well-used drop of ink!

The worker in black and white is then also a painter. He has on his palette two colors only, but so beautiful, so rich, so easily handled, and so extended in their capacities. By their contrasts they give themselves all the vigor which they need; by their mixtures they furnish a variety of shades almost indefinite.

It is easy to see at first glance whether the author of a black and white, be it crayon or etching, is a draughtsman or a colorist. The colorist interests himself more with the colors than with the lines of contour.

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But how can he indicate the various colors? By combining them in different proportions with the tone of the paper, by *mélange optique*. Crossed or parallel lines, by means of which shades are expressed in engraving, blend at a distance, and the eye sees only a solid color, darker as the lines are thicker and closer. It is not necessary that that union should be perfect. We are so accustomed to this manner of representing colors that we no longer notice such lines as are usual; from the moment it is understood that these black marks, which cross the figures, are only an indication of color, we see them as

colors, and not as lines. A single line, isolated on the paper, will appear more or less black as it is more or less thick. If the line is very thin, the white of the paper absorbs it by irradiation and makes it appear very pale. If it is thicker, it gives us the sensation of blackness.

As to other colors which he is not able to render with his white and his black, the designer must, at least, give an equivalent. It may be a vine running along a wall. The vine is green, the wall is red. Has he no way of rendering that effect? Strictly speaking, it is possible, by observing with care the relative luminosity of the colors. The crayon or needle is not able to render their shades, but it can render their value.

But what shall be done when, as often happens, two colors of very different shades have an almost equal luminosity? In that case one must take into consideration the moral value of the colors. Let me explain. A color can very quickly attract our attention by its unusual character, its saturation, its expression, without being very luminous. It is then necessary, in order to render that effect, to give it an equivalent. If one is only able to express the intensity of a color by its luminosity, the exceptional character of that color must be rendered by exaggerating this quality. Besides this, there are other ways of rendering the differences of quality which colors of an equal luminosity may present. This is by the diversity of the work, strokes, stippling, hatching, inking. We have here the second means of expression, which can be varied independently of the first and consequently can exactly express other things.

The color of a surface does not depend solely upon the proportion of black and white, but on the manner in which these are placed upon the paper. The hatching may be very strongly marked by the crayon. I pass over them a stump: the proportion of black to white does not vary, but the effect is changed. A surface darkened by stippling has not the same shade, as a surface darkened by hatching or by water-colors. In water-colors, the white and black neutralize each other; in the hatching they are heightened by contrast.

## Communications.

YONKERS, N. Y., May 21, 1899.

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

Dear Sir.—Allow me to add one to the list of sketching grounds which you gave in your last number. Take the Alpine ferry at Yonkers, and walk to the top of the cliff. From there down to Fort Lee there are a great number of picturesque spots in the woods, or from the cliffs, looking up and down the Hudson, with New York in the distance. A half-mile inland there are beautiful patches of rural scenery.

Very truly,

READER.

## FROM PARIS.

May 2, 1899.

The Salons, in their friendly, neighborly installation in the old Galerie des Machines, might give one the impression that the *amicalité* between the National Academy and the Society of American Artists is also existing here between the great artistic rivals. This is not the case. Necessity only has compelled this strange fellowship—strange, because in aim and methods the breach between the two tendencies is as wide as ever, while I hear that in New York it is closing.

Naturally, I cannot give an itemized account of the miles of canvases and other things, over 7,000 numbers, which deck the walls and fill the halls, only general impressions, with here and there special mention when a strong note is struck.

Although personally I lean towards the Beaux Arts in artistic sympathy, truth compels me to say that the merit of the Salon is more even. While in the "Champs de Mars" more striking work is shown, there is also much more of an indifferent and even bad quality.

The first impression gained on cursorily looking over the paintings,

is the tendency to display canvases of huge size. I heard once a New York artist say, when an unusually large canvas of his was pointed out: "Ah, that was my Salon picture." It seems that many artists have this idea, that the only way to attract attention in this wilderness of paint is to give something big. Quantity above quality. This is a false notion—witness the fact that the portrait of Dr. Laffont, by Roybet, has attracted a great deal of attention, in the present show. This tendency is more manifested in the Salon than in its neighbor, as is the other peculiarity, n. l. the selection of horrible, blood-curdling, haunting, or at least uncomfortable, subjects. There is Henry de Groux's series on Napoleon, where Bonaparte is calling his destroyed legions, which press around him, or when he surveys the drowning monarchies; or Rochemore's "Assassination of Geta," Tattetgrain's St. Quentin slaughter, or the shipwrecks by Mailard and Nolrot. Americans have even contributed to the chamber of horrors, for there is Leftwitch Dodge with a scene from the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, "The Last Days of Tenochtitlan," with its bleeding and dead priests and scene of carnage; and not so repulsive because no human lives are sacrificed, but still overpowering in its realism, is the arena scene, by Frederic Du Mond, in which tigers and elephants meet in combat. Realism, when it portrays suffering and death, is not the happiest road for art to travel.

Aside from these matters there is much which will give intense pleasure at future visits. In the hasty review of last Sunday I noticed, however, the excellent work of Thaulow, the magnificent landscapes by Bonat, Harpignies, Didiet-Pouget, the Whistler-like nocturne by Carrière, the disappointing work of Cazin, and the creditable manner in which our Americans are represented.

Of course Armand Silvestre will have abundant material for his *Le Nu au Salon*, of which I deem "Le Roy Midas" the most artistic. Also the work of Beroud and Le Lyre is good, but Bouguereau is getting wearisome.

The exhibition will be an immense success, judging by the number of visitors recorded the first two days. On Sunday, "Varnishing day," there were 33,253 admissions, of which 2,157 were payees, which, at 10 francs a head, brought in the unheard of sum of 21,570 francs. Monday, the day of the public opening, the stiles registered 7,511 admissions.

P. N. DE VRIES.

## STUDIO TALK, GALLERY VISITS.

A MAN whose work in water-colors easily accords him a foremost place among the masters of this medium is Ross Turner. On seeing one of this artist's paintings, one is at once impressed with the great strength and beauty of its color, combined with a style which is distinctly individual. He does not tie himself to any one subject, but lets his brush bring forth a great variety of scenes, all of which possess those distinctive qualities that make his pictures ever a success. Golden galleons that rise and fall with the motions of the deep; old New England homesteads, sprounded with romantic and quaint old-fashioned flower-gardens with their hollyhocks and daffodils; tropical islands, towering palms, and white buildings with red tiled roofs, all vividly reflected in the water; scenes from Venice with the winding canals and graceful gondolas—such, with numerous other subjects, show how wide is his scope and how great his versatility.

Ross Turner is a resident of Salem, Mass., the quaint old city that has furnished many of his best-known subjects. During the summer months he generally spends a great deal of his time with his family at Wilton, N. H., but during the winter he can usually be found in his Boston studio.

A year ago Mr. Turner took a trip into Mexico, where he stayed for some time making studies of the grand old walls and buildings in and about the Mexican capital. The result of his labors was seen at a recent exhibition of the artist's work held in Boston, the success of which has determined Mr. Turner to repeat this excursion, and I understand he will shortly hire himself again to that sunny climate. He is at present engaged upon a number of large water-colors, embracing galleons and Mexican courts, one of which represents a mass of flowers hedged in by a blue-tiled wall, the white stucco of which dazzles in the sunlight, the brilliancy of which plays through the whole composition in an exquisite manner.

Mr. Turner was winner of the first prize at the exhibition of Colonial Dames, held in Boston last season. He is a member of the Boston Art Club, the Society of American Water Color Painters, and various other artistic bodies.

One of the best analyses of Art principles was laid down by Charles Blanc in referring to the few simple underlying ideas which apply to all decoration, and which condense themselves in these thoughts: "Repetition, Alternation, Symmetry, Progression, and Confusion."

The truth of this analysis by the French artist-philosopher will in one way be recognized when he says: "Any form, however insignificant in itself, becomes interesting by repetition: at first, because the artist by repeating it forces us to take notice of it, and reveals an intention which would have escaped our observation without this repetition; and next, because number often suggests thoughts which unity would not have originated." When we reflect upon this principle, so simple and yet so full of meaning, we can easily see how in the ornament of a wall paper a row of daisies or bunches of flowers constantly repeated gives its own character to the room for which it serves as background, or how the little triangles or convolving or convoluting lines have their character of repose.

Like all transient fashions of dress, nothing changes its patterns or its colors more constantly than wall paper, and the artistic requirements of growing culture place an exacting demand on the inventive skill of the designers. Wall papers have a share in the comfort and pleasure of our daily life that pictures or ornaments scarcely can equal. Bruegel contributed to the artistic merit of the whole by painting the landscape background for many of Rubens' figure compositions—the artist who designs the wallground to our rooms, with tone and richness of color contributing to the effect of paintings, engravings, and furniture, deserves equal praise.

I looked the other day over a number of blocks in the studio of Miss Lulu B. George, in which these principles were well applied, giving positive pleasure in their array of quiet colors, tasty flower arrangements and classic lining. There was seen a square, ready for the block-cutter, of a pattern in Louis XVI. style, which when repeated over a wall will give with its long perpendicular lines an impression of height to the apartment, and with its warm, rich tone a feeling of coziness. An elaborate design was a drop repeat, in greatest possible variety, of a pattern, reminiscent of the Tuileries; further dainty bunches of flowers with delicate pale green stripes on cream-white paper, and an elaborate pattern, much too intricate for the American market, of a bunch of dandelions and blossoms, giving a fluffy, airy effect, with shadow backgrounds, which will come out in Paris next season. The technical art knowledge required for this work is shown in the impressionistic manner in which a garland of roses is carried out, which will serve as a frieze for a soft, plain-toned paper.

This artist is a graduate of the Art Students' League, and has studied under Révoir, in Paris, where two of her flower pieces were accepted in the Champs de Mars exhibition of 1897. One of her designs has been so successful that the firm of F. Beck, who brought it out, reports the sale thus far of sixty thousand rolls, while the Allan Wall Paper Co., of Worcester, Mass., for which Miss George is at present designing, has great demand for its artistic productions. Arthur Sanderson & Sons, of London, have also been supplied by her brush.

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Another branch of art is designing for book covers and ornaments to be used in decoration for a dinner menu or a twenty-story skyscraper. In all these branches the close alliance of art and craft is particularly demonstrated. Thomson Willing, in his Fifth Avenue studio, is a prophet of the craftsmen. In his work and in his talk he is a constant upholder of the need of thorough knowledge as the foundation for every artistic production. Donatello dissected a horse before he moulded one. Rembrandt was a student of anatomy. To Willing it is an absolute necessity to be an expert botanist, and to look through his numberless portfolios filled with sketches from life of trailing vines, clematis, salavum, Virginia creeper, hyacinths, lilies, daffodils, leaves, and branches, is like looking through an herbarium.

These nature studies are the foundation of all his designs, even of the arabesques, which are graceful intertwining lines, without, by the Koran's behest, representing any natural form. Willing has a master hand in both the two classes of ornament, the symmetrical, followed mostly by the Germans, and the asymmetrical or Japanese method, which is beautiful in itself without repetition. His predilection is, however, for the Japanese method. A graceful style has served to supply the literary part of the two books which Willing has thus far written and published, while a third one will soon be ready for the press.

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Daniel Huntington, for many years president of the National Academy of Design, is reported to have painted, in his sixty years of art life, over 1,200 pictures, 850 of them being portraits.